Missionary Interpretation of History

RICHARD T. STEVENSON

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An article which appeared in the Methodist Review for July, 1905, has grown to the present size, and is commended to all who enjoy its story of triumph.

The Missionary Interpretation of History

By

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I

The Coming of the Man

It is not to be expected that this little book is an attempt to solve the riddles of history. It desires to present in its own way the man without whose work in the world we have not so far been able to get along. It would emphasize an explanation of progress after the fashion of one who believes profoundly in the leadership of Him who came to do the Father's will, and who gave commission to others to finish the work He had begun.

"There is not only an economic interpretation of history, but an ethical, an æsthetic, a political, a jural, a linguistic, a religious, and a scientific interpretation of history."

In such wise words Professor Seligman sets forth the fact of the complexity of history, and disposes of the exaggerations of the school of thought that endeavors to explain all movements of civilization from the point of view of economics, even affirming that Christianity was primarily an economic movement, and going so far as to apply the theory, not only to religion but also to philosophy. But the end of overemphasis is near at hand. The reaction has already set in, and the truth appears in the vigorous phrases of Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent physicist, in the *Contemporary Review* of July, 1905:

"What we have to teach, throughout, is that in no sort of way is man to be the slave of his environment. . . . It is not himself which is to suit the environment, but he is to make the environment suit him. This is the one irrefragable doctrine that must be hammered into the ears

of this generation till they realize its truth and accept it."

It is evident that we are come to a time when the moral and spiritual forces in human progress are getting truer recognition than a few years ago when undue emphasis upon economics minimized the power of the motives which could not be measured in bushel-baskets or weighed in scales. Not only is the ethical life not subordinated to the economic life, but, as the race improves, its finer elements are to grow supreme.

As a mighty agent in the manifest destiny of the race let us study a peculiar sort of man, whose presence and spirit in history have to be reckoned with. Indeed, there is no getting on without him. The Christian Church is slowly coming to its right mind. For proof, we note how hostility has effervesced in suspicion, and suspicion has changed to indifference, and in-

difference has become interest, and interest has leaped into loyalty, and, finally, loyalty has been transformed into a notable pride in the fruits of the toil of a singular type of man. We have known too little of him. We ought to know vastly more of him and his works; for to remain in any wise ignorant of him is not to know the trend of history since Calvary. We were once Gentiles, and now for some ages have been intrusted with the holy ark of God's Covenant of Peace with the world. We were found by Him in the gloom of our ancestral paganism. To make us inheritors of the benefits of the grace of God He swung open at great expense a mighty door, that Christ might enter our hearts and national life, and become through us the King of the kingdoms of the whole earth. This man is unique among men. He swings down the centuries with a free and powerful stride. His right to the path he has

not allowed any one long to dispute. He claims to have but one business, and to breathe but one consuming passion. He is a messenger of the King of kings, and has his eye on the uttermost shores of earth.

At the foot of the tablet erected to the memory of John Howard in St. Paul's, London, are the words, "He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality." To none other is this shining tribute to the worth of the work of the Yorkshire sheriff, who gave his life to the amelioration of the harsh conditions of the prisoners in European jails, more appropriate than to the man who first started around the shores of the Mediterranean to preach out of their malign power the superstitions of a dark age. In the following manner Frederick Harrison, not the most sympathetic recorder of peculiarly spiritual victories, speaks of the first great missionary: "We know how the first fellowship of the breth-

ren met; how they went forth with words of mercy, love, justice, and hope; we know their self-denial, humility, and zeal; their heroic lives and awful deaths; their loving natures and their noble purposes; how they gathered around them, wherever they came, the purest and the greatest; how across mountains, seas, and continents the communion of saints joined in affectionate trust; how from the deepest corruption of the heart there arose a yearning for a truer life; how the new faith, ennobling the instincts of human nature, raised up the slave, the poor, and the humble to the dignity of common manhood, and gave new meaning to the true nature of womanhood; how, by slow degrees, the Church, with its rule of right, of morality, and of communion, arose; how the first founders and apostles of this faith lived and died, and all their gifts were concentrated in one, of all the characters of certain history doubtless

the loftiest and purest—the unselfish, the great-hearted Paul." Surely in no ordinary pattern was this man cast, treading to immortality by a path open, but in his day too little frequented even by unselfish souls.

Since that time he and his comrades have been filling up the path and the end of the journey is none the less immortality. Now they seem to swarm in the world's highways, and even to give a new distinction to the unfrequented byways. No one can interpret the long perspective and not have to reckon with the missionary. He and his fellows think, in the main, alike through the long millenniums. They love, they toil, and they die as if powerfully impressed with the sense of absolute devotion to the orders of the same great Commander. They go out as if they never cared to return. Their whole bent is centrifugal, not centripetal. They claim to be constructive, yet they leave houses, lands, wives, and children—

all; forsaking things that other men covet having material values, and strain every nerve and challenge every hazard to get to "the uttermost parts." Nothing less than the outer rim will satisfy their ceaseless hunger for the last nation, the loneliest habitation, the abandoned man. They are a desperate set. Their fashion for marking off the stages of their advance is novel. They lie down and with their last breath call out, for encouragement to their followers, "Another empire!" At first glance they seem to be composing a sort of triumphal procession of blunderers, and their forward movement has to the uninitiated all the marks of an aimless quest. I find no mention of this breed of men in the forty-six parallel "Lives" and the four detached "Lives" of Plutarch, nor does Carlyle portray him for us in his "Heroes." Emerson has on his bead-roll philosopher, mystic, skeptic, poet, soldier, writer, but not

the man whom history is coming to regard as one of the "representative men" in race progress since the Christ came to earth. We have failed to discover any one to take his place. His greatness does not appear to be exhausted. He keeps succeeding himself. He defies oblivion. Rotation may be the law of nature, and people may say that they explore the horizon in vain for the successor of a great man, for his class is extinct, as Emerson affirms; but the world is not done with the missionary. To the past he was a necessity, the present is an epitome of his idealism, and the good future is inconceivable with him as a minus quantity. The philosophy of history is now coming to take him by the hand for a cordial greeting on the level. For the homiletic classic he is still an immortal supporting column. Romanticism in the pulpit welcomes his everlasting freshness.

The infinite variations of his appearance

make him an unspeakable benediction to unnumbered pulpits and pews. One of them is seen swimming through the angry surf off the island of Malta; he is an expert in prayer and in the swimmer's art. His versatility takes the breath out of our wonder. He got into history by the name of Paul.

Yonder are men in a boat off the coast of Fife. They mourn the gloomy prospect: "The snow closes the road along the shore, the storm bars our way over the sea;" the leader says, "there is still the way of Heaven that lies open." It is Cuthbert speaking, the glorious herald of Northumbria. And now, after long centuries have slipped by, it is a man in the hot streets of Goa ringing a hand-bell to attract the dusky peoples to hear his strange but comforting message. It is Xavier. Again, it is another swimmer cast on the coast of Mauritius, indeed twice wrecked before he ar-

rives in India. It is a Scotchman, and they call him Alexander Duff. Then the vision changes, and we are watching a fugitive in a jungle of India. Mutiny is astir; it is midnight; the burden-bearers have deserted; tigers prowl about. The man steps out from the path, lifts his hat, in the time of awful peril, and prays two minutes as he had never prayed before. He steps back into the path and there he finds the bearers bent to their loads. It is William Butler. And there in Calcutta goes a tall form, with a white cotton umbrella overhead. He is barefooted. It is Taylor calling the Eurasians to Jesus. Once more: the blue sky of the New Hebrides overarches a placid form lying in a canoe; his breast is covered with palms, and underneath are five spear-wounds. The boat floats out into the lagoon and is welcomed by weeping followers. It is the body of John Coleridge Patteson, bishop, and like Bishop Coke he

is lowered for burial into the sea. As the pictures of this man's wanderings and apostolates and evangelisms rise before us, the tribute to Livingstone comes to mind. One night, in 1887, Henry Morton Stanley was on board the *Peace,* on the broad bosom of the Congo, talking of Africa and her degraded condition, and the only regeneration possible for her. Stanley said, "If Dr. Livingstone were alive to-day I would take all the honors, all the praise, that men have showered upon me; I would put them at his feet and say, Here you are, old man; they are all yours."

It begins to dawn upon us that the missionary interpretation of history may in the long run hold good. If so, it behooves the Christian Church to adopt his theory, breathe his spirit, and pray God for a share of his power. What has he done? Look a bit. What has he not done?

II

His Miracles

In this light he makes his first appearance, a worker of miracles. If we had had insight we might have surmised the truth; for the Master, one day before He left him, said that he would do greater things than He Himself had done. It might take time, but they would not fail of performance. And now, behold! Three centuries file by in slow procession, each column bannered with the insignia of a haughty imperialism. A marvelous change takes place; for in the beginning of the movement Rome's eagle swoops down upon conquered peoples with all her old-time ferocity. In due time the far-famed title *"S. P. Q. R." "Senate and Roman People,"* gives way to the *"I. H.*

S.," the mystic letters leading in the spelling of the name of the Nazarene whose triumph in the most distant lands was destined to make the victories of the Cæsars appear but the gains of a provincial captain. The missionary has substituted his own for the Roman's ancient standard. None but the most wealthy and active imagination can re-create this most tremendous conversion of all time. Renan, indulging in extravagant appreciation of Greece, has this: "I will even add that, in my opinion, the greatest miracle on record is Greece itself;" and another writer, more eloquent than sober, has said, "Except the blind forces of nature, nothing *moves* in this world which is not Greek in its origins." Surely a scholar's strabismus. For while Greece was easily the master of the field of culture, and forever glorious, Rome surpassed her in the field of practical politics; and yet the latter, long time illustrious

in imperial rule, found her master in the humble evangelist. The same missionary who left his message upon the hill with the Athenian philosophers lifted the scepter of the Nazarene over the Capitoline Hill. So Professor Edward A. Freeman is right in declaring, "The miracle of miracles, greater than dried-up seas and cloven rocks, greater than the dead rising again to life, was when Augustus on his throne, pontiff of the gods of Rome, himself a god to the subjects of Rome, bent himself to become the worshiper of a crucified provincial of his empire." Not even the devotion of the able reactionary Julian could restore the pagan faith which this itinerant had so uprooted. The missionary smiled at the helpless disgust of the emperor when he discovered that, at one of the greatest shrines in Asia, the hecatomb which should have been offered had shrunk to a paltry goose. The itinerant knew as only he could know

why the statue of Victory, Rome's chief patron in her last days, was voted out and down by the rising Christian majority in the Senate. The transformation of pagan into Christian Rome took place over his dead and often defiled body, *but it took place.*

The swift spread of early Christianity was an expression of its conviction that the world was to be the field of its beneficent imperialism. Its dominion bordered no neighbor's realm. It got its first missionary center in Antioch, and then along the great Roman highways the messengers marched on and on. Peter entered Babylon; Mark gained Alexandria, an even more important missionary arsenal than the city on the banks of the Euphrates. Within less than a century a network of Christian Churches covered the Roman Empire. The activity of the early Church has had no rival in all the centuries until one reaches

the twentieth century. And this is the more striking when we remember that the first century leaped forth, as it were, from a state of inertia preceding Pentecost, while we now move on borne by the mighty momentum of the past. Origen, writing later on, speaks of the city Churches sending out their own missionaries to preach in all the surrounding villages. On the Roman roads built for military expeditions, down the current of strange rivers, into forest recesses, into the thick of city life where the convention of culture and the cruelties of paganism offered bitter welcome they went forward to their destiny, evermore dreamers who made the dream come true. Their lot was not an easy one. They were accused of atrocious crimes; lampooned; cursed; charged with treason; outlawed by the judges; and sent to the stake, when a single word of acknowledgment of the divinity of the emperor would have ensured

their liberty. Juvenal may have been an eye-witness of the carnival in Nero's gardens when he tells how

> "At the stake they shine,
> Who stand with throat transfixed, and smoke and burn."

Their veins might supply rivers with bloody tides; their only honor be the accusation of shameful deeds; their homes be dens; their faith in Jesus be called "atheism," and the lion's maw their goal; but even so they went smilingly forward—to victory.

Tender girls joined stalwart men in the march to the grave. In one of the persecutions through which the early Church rose to more vigorous life a number of martyrs suffered in Carthage, among whom were two young women, Perpetua and Felicitas. All the prisoners were condemned to fight with the wild beasts on the birthday of the Cæsar. One of the martyrs, Saturus, was speedily released from

life by the bite of a leopard. Perpetua and Felicitas were put into a net and exposed to a wild cow. On her hair and dress becoming disarranged, Perpetua quietly reordered them, modest to the last. Being about to receive the death-blow, Perpetua called to the soldier, Pudens, "Be strong, and think of my faith, and let not all this make thee waver, but strengthen thee." They greeted one another with the kiss of peace, and were slain with daggers. When the gladiator came near who was to kill Perpetua, his hand trembled. She took his hand, guided it to her throat, and died as calmly as if falling asleep. It needed no prophet to tell the future of such assurance, for the endurance of the Christians wore out the hate of the heathens. No efforts at annihilation could prevail when love had armed the sufferer for the conflict. The executioner might behead the Bishop Sixtus in the Catacombs, and scatter his blood

on the spot where he had just celebrated the Lord's Supper, and four days later roast his deacon Laurentius in an iron chair—the victory of the truth was sure to fall to those who loved it sincerely, and the crowning of martyrdom followed hard upon the crowning of Cæsarism.

From Rome to Madagascar and Polynesia is a long leap, but the same miracle-worker is present to astonish us with his power. What if Froude writes despairingly of the work in Zealand? Charles Darwin declared that "the lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand." Lord Lawrence, viceroy of India, said, "I believe, notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit India, *the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined.*" What if Dr. Oscar Lenz sneers in the London *Times* that missions in Africa are a failure? James Russell Lowell votes with mighty conviction

that they are not, and Count Limburg-Hirum returns to Europe amazed at having been "welcomed in the land of cannibals by children singing hymns," and the father of modern geography, Ritter, calls the work of the missionary a "miracle" indeed. In 1819 the Church Missionary Society sent to Sierra Leone a poor German laborer, William B. Johnson, to a refuse population in which there were twenty-seven tribes, and as many dialects, and war was perpetual. In seven years Johnson died, but he lived long enough to see the country transformed; every trade represented, even the professions, a family altar in every home, thousands of children at school, a church —builded by natives—holding two thousand hearers. To work this miracle these men have not canted, they have not cringed, they have not despaired; they have not halted before a hard job, nor made courage wait on caution, nor hesitated to pay for

success at the expense of their own lives, preferring death to failure. They earn the encomium of the Lord's fools rather than that of worldly wise men. The sheen of dress parade is always more offensive than the dust of the battle. They have not always had the pleasure of choosing the alternative of the Spartan mother, "either with your shield or on it," for oftentimes it has been neither, and Patteson is dropped into the sea, Williams of Erromanga is eaten by cannibals, and Hannington is decapitated, and his head likely set on a pole to adorn the rude entrance to the hut of some chieftain in Equatorial Africa. Livingstone's bones, it is true, get interment in Westminster, but his heart is now mingled with the dust of the shore of Lake Bangweolo, and so he holds two continents in holy bonds for the redemption of both.

"The old, old story" has to do, not only with the love of Jesus, but with the de-

votion of His disciples in all ages, and the latest records of heroism in China are as brilliant as any in the days of Nero. Ch'en, the gatekeeper of the compound in Pekin, welcomed the birth of a baby girl, and named her Mary (pronouncing it Ma-li), after the mother of our Lord. He became a licensed preacher. The Boxers came. He was urged to flee to the hills. "No," said Ch'en, "I will not leave until all the members of my flock are first hid away." The Boxer chief with his rabble, caught him, with his wife, son, and little "Apple," as his beautiful thirteen-year-old daughter was called, demanded all his money, and then whatever else he had. Ch'en gave up all, and turning to the crowd of ruffians said, "Now I am through; you may do with me as you like." The mob killed and beheaded the father; and then the mother, the brother, and the girl were hacked to pieces. Months later, when the third son

had gathered the mangled bits and given them a decent burial, he was asked by the officials, now anxious to curry favor with the victors, what indemnity he wanted; he said he wanted no indemnity. One request he made: "I should like to go to that church and preach the Gospel to the people who murdered my parents." They gave him permission to go. And he joins the host of world-saviors who, in the olden time, put up Christ in the place of Cæsar. Love's miracle is to transform the earth. The Master has said it;

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do."

III

New Peoples

THE missionary has always had his eye on the nations of the future. He has never failed to divine the regnant qualities that lie latent in certain races. He must needs work for the distant goal of the Kingdom through those peoples, who, by reason of their rapid growth, their instinct for expansion, their industrial supremacy, and their masterful ability in government, and the long call of God, are to control the next half hundred and the next half thousand years. He is after the masters of men, to bring them to the Master of all. When he takes his stand at the base-line of what Merivale calls the greatest event of secular history, the fall of Rome, he rushes off

to seed down the new peoples with the faith that is to conquer the world in the future. They are worthy of being called the founders of the new nations which arose out of the chaos of the centuries in which Rome was tumbling to her ruin. The barbarian conquerors were not able to secure to civilization what they had wrested from the imperial city. The Goths took Rome by storm; the missionary captured the peoples of Western Europe by love, and ushered in a more enduring conquest. The Teutonic invaders, when at last they overflowed Italy, were already tamed and brought under law; their idolatrous heathenism had become a thing of the past. For three hundred years the missionary was performing a double task; he was both mounting the throne of the Cæsars, and mingling with the half-clad men on the frontiers of the Rhine and the Danube.

Now the missionary was a hostage, like

Ulfilas, who became the bishop of the Western Goths, dying in 388 at Constantinople; now a captive, like St. Patrick. The latter was taken captive at the age of sixteen by the Irish. After seven years he escaped; but in 432 he returned to Ireland to begin his wonderful labors, lasting thirty years. His monastic establishments became outposts of civilization. Ireland soon exhibited fervent ecclesiastical activity, and got the name of the Isle of Saints.

There were hermits, like St. Severinus, of noble origin from the East, who took his journey to the Roman province of Noricum, and near Vienna ministered to the warriors of the invading tribes for thirty years. The earliest patron saint of France was Martin of Tours. He was a soldier by profession, became a follower of Jesus, won his mother to his Master, and laid the foundation of a beautiful fame by his long labors in Genoa and Tours. To the north-

west is seen St. Columba, who founded the settlement at Iona, to whose sacred ruins, long centuries afterwards, Dr. Sam. Johnson thought it not belittling to make a pilgrimage. Columba was a civilizer as well as a preacher. In the opening of the fifth century, when the Emperor Honorius, weakling and craven that he was, fell down helpless before Alaric, even then a monk by name of Honorius redeemed the name from dishonor by his devotion to the cause of right, and sent from his home in Lerins on the shores of the Mediterranean numerous laborers to the south and west of Gaul. As we turn our eyes to Germany we note the contributions made by the teacher Columban, and his pupil Gallus, in the Vosges hills and around Lake Constance.

The sixth century bore witness to the power of fresh consecration on the part of the Benedictines, the first Catholic order, not only in art, but also in the larger his-

tory of civilization. Monachism up to the end of the fifth century presents a sorry record of idleness, fanatic absurdities, and false claims of superior sanctity. Benedict, while not able wholly to clear himself of the influences of his age, yet became the founder of a really great and beneficent movement. His followers were the bearers of the Gospel into the wilds of the North of Europe, and made the hidden places of Britain, Gaul, Saxony, and Belgium resound with the praises of God; and, as if in this revival of evangelistic zeal they would include all good possible, they became the builders, the agriculturists, the teachers, and the artists of mediæval Europe.

When the rough Saxon swept back the Briton to the west of the island, a new man appears, and they call him Augustine, and the seventh century starts out with a fresh guarantee that the future is to fall in with

the plans of this breed of men who live to bring young and vigorous peoples to their Master. The Saxon added permanence to the evangelism of the emotional Celt. None have left more inerasible footprints than those of the good monk of Exeter, Boniface, "the apostle of Germany." On the shores of the Zuyder Zee and in the forests of Thuringia this man is paying back the debt of England to the Continent, and overpaying it, as with his kinsmen Wilibald and Wunnibald, and their sister with her thirty companions, he gave permanence to the earlier settlements, and expanded the narrow confines of earlier labors. At seventy-four he hears the footfall of armed men approaching his tent. Pagan insolence bears down the saint as he cries to his followers, "Lift not a staff against them," and gains a martyr's death. In the ninth century the periphery is pushed farther to the north, when Ansgar, another apostle,

brings Norway in line with the trend of the ages and the mercy, the patience, and the love of God. "The far-off divine event" draws a trifle nearer when the fiery vikings of Scandinavia get the conviction that to them, too, is committed the "faith once delivered to the saints."

Ansgar was as willing to die the death of a martyr as Boniface, and it is told how one of his followers often discovered him in tears because he was not regarded as worthy of martyrdom, which he supposed had been promised him by his Lord. From Denmark to Norway is but a step. Thither the Gospel is taken in the ninth century by some sea-faring young men, and by 1033, St. Olaf, the Christian king, earns the title of the patron saint of Norway. The conversion of the Northern nations saved those countries of Europe which bordered on the seas from the ravages of pirates.

Far to the northeast flames the holy torch

in the hands of the Greek missionaries, Cyrillus and Methodius, whose gift of the Bible in the vernacular of the Slavonic tribes tempered the harshness of the masterful and turbulent folk of the plains of Poland and beyond. However, the strength of the Church lay to the West.

A dark cloud arose in the East. Arabia sent forth her great man in the seventh century to check the extension of the Gospel towards the sunrise. The power of the Moslem carried the crescent with furious charge over the north of Africa, and even into Spain, where it got a foothold which lasted for seven hundred years. Its expulsion occurred in the era of the discovery of America. But it seemed at one time as if, pressing up from the West and from the East, now beating at the gates of Paris and then at those of Constantinople, the cause which the missionary had taken so to heart was to suffer extinguishment. The East

crowded hard upon the West. The missionary got no great fruit of his labors in the Orient for many a long age. A century of persecutions, far back in the fourth century, nearly annihilated the Christian Church in Persia, and the violently aggressive evangelism of Islam swept all before it in Egypt, Syria, Persia, and the African provinces. In Asia Minor nothing but the brilliant and stout defense of Leo the Isaurian, in 717, saved Constantinople from falling into the hands of the foe. For seven centuries the Mohammedan hammered at the door which the Roman emperors in their wisdom had put up against the invaders of the East, going so far as to remove the capital of the world from the Tiber to the Golden Horn. But at last it fell, and when, in 1453, the Turk broke through all defenses, and changed St. Sophia from a Christian Church to a Mohammedan mosque, Christian Europe

looked westward for its destiny. True, the Crusades had left their half-sad, half-heroic story of an effort to beat back the tide of invasion in the two centuries just before Europe woke up from her sleep which men call the Dark Ages; but her triumph in that direction was not essential, and she found her highway to the Orient by way of the Atlantic, discovering America as she went thither. Dates often have little significance, but it must be evident to the interpreter of the ongoings of history that the year 1453 is out of the ordinary; for at the very time the Turks captured Constantinople, England ceased her attempts to conquer France, ended the Hundred Years' War, and found a fairer destiny awaiting her in the conquest of the Spanish Armada and the settlement of North America.

In the Roman Catholic Church the missionary spirit was by no means inactive, nor were there lacking men who, even in

the days of the military expeditions against the Saracen, saw the better way of spreading the truth. The illustrious Raymond Lull was a second St. Augustine in his wayward youth, and also in his later humble spirit and tireless zeal for the Master of scholars as well as of saints. He put his vast learning at the feet of Christ, and appealed to warrior popes for backing to carry, not a weaponed, but a reasonable Gospel to the adherents of Mohammed in Northern Africa, and there in his old age died a martyr's death.

The opening of the Western world offered an opportunity which Roman Catholicism seized for her expansion. In this she had at first the advantage of Protestantism. She was better organized. She had the power that comes from centralization. She, at first, controlled the seas. Contemporary with the birth of Lutheranism she produced the most marvelous order of its kind in

human history, the Society of Jesus. The Jesuits had no limit set to their authority touching things temporal and spiritual, and while Protestantism fell into disputes in the seventeenth century in the effort to adjust itself to the new forms of life, political as well as religious, and to justify itself before human thought, the Jesuit flung himself to the farthest shores. He outran even the most ambitious commerce in his purpose to reach Asia, and even Central Africa and South America. The new openings invited rare men; for when Xavier and Las Casas, the former in the East and the latter in the West, set the example of apostolic surrender to a noble idealism, the world was the richer for their living in it. The College of the Propaganda, 1627, was admirably fitted to train children of the Catholic faith for missionaries to all nations. The idea of this institution had been realized by Ignatius Loyola in 1552. The work

of the Jesuits in India, where Xavier had baptized probably one hundred thousand pariahs and outcasts, was destined to give way to Mohammedanism; and even though his zeal laid the foundation for a splendid ecclesiastical establishment in Japan, Buddha proved for a time too mighty for the followers of the Christ, and by the middle of the seventeenth century every vestige of Christianity went down before the wrath of the native pagans. The day of Japan was not yet come. In China the characteristic disdain for everything foreign refused audience to the missionary until the Jesuit Ricci, contemporary of Shakespeare, and a famous astronomer, attained high distinction and paved the way for the Gospel. In the West Indies the Jesuits did some of their best work, and with genuine courage pressed into the primitive forests, and laid the foundation for the Republic of Paraguay, prohibiting Spaniards from

getting control, and ruling in a patriarchal style.

Luther had said, as his eye took in the rise of factions and the spread of strife in Western Europe, "In a hundred years it will all be over!" For a while a chill fell upon the centrifugal ferment of Protestantism. Yet soon the Elijah mantle dropped upon the shoulders of the colonizers of the Western world.

It was Raleigh who made the first subscription for foreign missions, and the diarist of Sir Humphrey Gilbert tells the faith of the English mariner: "The sowing of Christianity must be the chief intent of such as shall make any attempt at foreign discovery, or else whatever is builded upon other foundation shall never obtain happy success or continuance." Now it is broad day in the expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race. The seventeenth century walks into view leading John Eliot by the

hand. And the very year, 1649, in which the faithless Charles Stuart lost his head, saw the organization of the first Protestant Missionary Society in England. Old Europe is amazingly interested in the New World and in Asia, in many ways with abominable selfishness; but at times, from the anvil on which she is pounding out and shaping destiny, there falls a bright spark of idealism that lives on until it becomes a star of the first magnitude. In 1705, Bartholomew Ziegenbald departs for India, and August 7, 1707, he dedicates the first Protestant Church in Asia. It was the sense of the needs of the Colonial Church in Maryland that led Dr. Bray from London as "ecclesiastical commissary," and he it was who inspired the organization, in 1701, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The modern movement is on, and there is no stopping it.

In the seventeenth century theology had

lacked warmth, and polemical passion usurped the place of spirituality. However, towards the close of the Thirty Years' War the lifeless skeleton of dead orthodoxy began to feel the thrill of life. Spener was the German Wesley. Francke, his pupil, founded the orphan asylum at Halle and made the university a radiating center of light. At Tübingen, J. A. Bengel lifted pietism to its noblest height. Closely allied to the Pietists were the Moravians, with Count Zinzendorf as their bishop. His life was romantic. He lived from 1700 to 1760. His followers vied with the Jesuits in missionary zeal.

That ever-glorious eighteenth century, though called by Carlyle "an unheroic age," gets its name upon God's honor roll, for the year 1732 is no more great because it is the birth year of Washington than because it marked the matchless faith and fine fervor of the Moravians at

Herrnhut to get to "the uttermost parts," for in that year, as if, too, in answer to the "Lettres Philosophique" of Voltaire just issued, two plain men, the one a potter and the other a carpenter, Leonard Dober and David Nitschman, left Herrnhut at three o'clock one morning carrying hand bundles, and with less than four dollars in pocket, to begin a journey of six hundred miles afoot, with four thousand miles farther to follow. In the years immediately after this one, their missionary passion attained the most prolific proportions known in history. And with the coming of the matchless nineteenth century the Teutonic peoples, who had thus far been shaping history for Europe and America, now outdo themselves in their set determination to fix the standard for the rest of the world and multiply missionary societies through the century at the rate of more than one for every two years.

We go too fast. What Christian David was to the Moravians, what Antoine Court was to the Reformers at Lausanne, what Jonathan Edwards was to New England, and Howell Harris to Wales, John Wesley was to England, and, more, to the world. In this way the able historian of England in the eighteenth century, Lecky, speaks of him: "Although the career of the elder Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won during his ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episodes in the reign of George II, they must yield, I think, in real importance to that religious revolution which shortly before had been begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and Whitefield." The leader of the new spiritual impulse of the century is a divinely gifted missionary. In the same decade that witnessed the departure of the two humble men from Herrnhut, John Wesley goes as a missionary to

Georgia. Then he is back in England. Then occurs the scene in Aldersgate Street, of which the same philosophic writer just quoted says, "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the scene which took place at that humble meeting in Aldersgate Street forms an epoch in English history." And, also, in future history, the world around. From that time the people he gathered about him took on the color and the power of his enthusiasm, so that Justin McCarthy is correct when he says, "All the early Methodists were missionaries." The bitterer the opposition, the more passionate grew their zeal. This man who was by common consent cut out for a statesman "by his extraordinary powers of organization and reasoning," took the leadership of the modern missionary movement; for there has been nothing like it in the two millenniums since Calvary. Hear Lecky once more: "Methodism in America grew and

flourished beyond all its rivals, and it is now the largest religious body in that great country, which is destined to be the most important center of the English race." Walter Scott said of a sermon he heard preached by Wesley that it was too colloquial for the Scotch taste. It may be. But his word has become the vernacular of the world, and that is better still. All that is wanted is, that Oxford scholarship shall be tipped with "tongues of fire." Wesley's frame of iron, his unflagging spirits, and his lofty consecration gave to his wide learning, his extraordinary knowledge of men, and his unparalleled administrative powers their largest influence and fruitage. From his work may be dated the new impulse which has gone out to the ends of the earth on the part of the evangelical portion of the English and American Churches.

The missionary is the man who is teaching the world that John Fiske was right in

saying that there is to be not less, but more, of religion in the future. "The world needs to know," says Dr. E. E. Hale, "when it speaks of physical discovery and material progress, that discovery itself is never physical, and that progress is itself always spiritual." In his emphasis upon this proposition the man with the Book under his arm, and in the vernacular of the new people he faces, surveys a future of whose riches in all the agents of progress—the newspaper, the railroad, steamships, telegraph, schools, factories, art halls, churches, and even its militarism — he is the comprehensive augury, exposition, regeneration, and crown. For the multiplied agencies of our advance are getting results like those to which Sir James Mackintosh referred when, in conversing with Henry Martyn, he remarked that there was a striking analogy between the situation of the English peoples in the Orient and that of Alexander

when he made the East Greek in order to make way for the religion of the Lord Jesus. In the same fashion we see the nineteenth century striving after control of peoples in Asia and Africa who are to have a hand in the affairs of the future. They must not become injurious users of the easy privileges of modern intercourse among nations, old and new, and they must be won to Christ if those nations already Christian are to be safe from evil contact with twentieth century forms of heathenisms. So William Carey reaches India in 1793. Dr. Morrison gets to Canton, China, in 1807. Henry Martyn is in Persia in 1811; Adoniram Judson in Burma, 1812; Dr. Duff in Calcutta, 1829, (the subsidence of the Sepoy mutiny finds William Butler at Delhi); and the stream has flowed full since then.

The world has been eyeing that wonder-child among the nations, come to power

within a half century—Japan. In 1859 the missionary got a footing there, and won a convert after five years; by twelve years he had ten. Then behold: in twenty years there were twenty-seven missionary societies on the ground, and in the great war just closed, Christian chaplains, officers, and privates, and nurses prayed and fought and died on the road to Harbin, winning victories for progress far up in Manchuria. The powder-cart is an uncouth chariot for the King's agent to charter for a short passage; but somehow the Cause of causes gets on, even if for a while the only music is the vicious shriek of the cracking shrapnel. Neither Russia nor Japan can ever be closed to the Gospel. The fact to be evermore remembered is, that this man with the Book must now be in haste, tremendous haste.

Turn to this man's record in Africa. At the close of the last century but one, the

Moravians, renewed their grip there; in 1812 the Wesleyans entered; in 1832 Melville B. Cox sails to Liberia, not to return; then in goes Livingstone, and soon Mackaye at his heels, to be followed by Hannington, the last two dying—one of fever, the other of spear-thrusts—but leaving in their train a vigorous body of native Christians in Uganda, able to preserve their integrity and to propagate their faith. It was my good fortune to hear Mr. Stanley, just four days back from his Emin Pasha expedition, address the Church Missionary Society in Salisbury Square upon the work of Mackaye. He declared it his profound conviction that, if every vestige of Christianity were erased from the earth save the Church in Uganda, there was enough life there, enough intelligent spirituality, enough power, to start the Gospel around the world again. Truly it was a wonderful people for whom the Scotch honor stu-

dent and the crack oarsman of Oxford gave their lives just in time to get Equatorial Africa in line with the plans of God for the twentieth century.

This file-leader of civilization turns to the Pacific Ocean in good time to make things ready for some stupendous happenings in the present century whose outcome none of us can know. Australia owes its wonderful rise in civilization during the last three-quarters of a century largely to the missionary. Four generations ago there was not a civilized man on the Australian Continent. The influence which this vast territory, half as large as the United States, will exert upon Polynesia and the Asiatic nations can only be great. New Zealand is called upon to line up with the forces of the one Kingdom toward which all others are gravitating. Williams of Erromanga is the first martyr. James Calvert gets the hearts of

the Fijis and lives to see cannibalism transformed to a Christian civilization. In 1850, Captain Gardiner leads the Gospel expedition to Patagonia, and is the first to land and the last to expire on that inhospitable coast. Most precious seed is this "blood of martyrs." At Aneityum, in the Samoan group, is this legend on a memorial tablet telling of Geddie: "When he landed here, in 1848, there were no Christians, and when he left here, in 1872, there were no heathens." Surely too much was done there for more not to be done. In these islands savagism, infanticide, lust, cannibalism, ran riot, yet in less than fifty years nearly thrice twenty thousand had joined the Church, and not a cottage lacked its Bible and hymn-book. Thirty years after the first missionary put foot on the shore at Hawaii the native Church had organized a "Society for the Promotion of Foreign Missions," the very men who had offered

loathsome sacrifices now giving and getting money for the purpose. So when Mr. M. D. Conway, a graduate of Dickinson College, but later a liberal preacher in London, visited Honolulu he was disappointed, on Sunday, at not finding the natives "swimming around the ship in Arcadian innocence," but, instead, the city quiet and "paralyzed by piety." He had to go to Church to see the people.

No one can have watched the swiftly moving events of the last few years without a deepening conviction that in some way, clear or clouded, but surely, America is to be the influential factor in the commercial, the political, and the religious future of the peoples that bask or busy themselves on the shores of the mighty Pacific. Let it be recalled that we began our national career, at a time when European monarchs were skeptical of the experiment of a democratic nation, on such a scale as

lay before us. The world's leading historian, Edward Gibbon, was giving his vast talents to portraying the "Decline and Fall of Rome." It was the past that charmed him. On a memorable night in June, 1787, he closed his ever-great history on the banks of Lake Geneva. It was at the very same time that the men of immortal fame met at Philadelphia to fashion a working frame of government for a new people who were to keep step with God; and they called it the Constitution of the United States.

Never in all history has the itinerant kept such step with the pioneer as in the march of the American settler towards the setting sun. He even anticipated him. The story of the entrance of Oregon into the Union can not be truly told, H. H. Bancroft being witness, if the narrator leaves out the work of the Methodist, Jason Lee, the first on the ground, and the Congregationalist, Dr. Whitman, whose famous ride

back to the Eastern settlements is part of our annals of heroism. George Herbert, orator to the University of Cambridge, wrote:

> "Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American Strand."

These lines were first published in 1633. The vice-chancellor objected to their publication, but, on consenting, said, "I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet." But that is what he was. The first work of the American Churches in the colonization of the Western Continent was to solve the home missionary problem. And right nobly was this done. To keep in touch with the ever-shifting frontier, and adroitly, bravely, powerfully to mold the raw settlements for Christ, has cost the various home missionary societies $140,000,000 in the effort, as Dr. J. B. Clark has said, "to leaven America." But religion was not only to pass to the Amer-

ican strand, not only to cross the American Continent, but to go far beyond with the American ideals of life and of government. God has some good purpose in pushing the bearer of the Stars and Stripes past the Golden Gate. Fresh witnesses repeat the story of earlier ones. Sober fact becomes the voucher for prophetic dream.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn tells of a Scotchman in India who, scarcely fifty years ago, published in his paper an article with the title "The Pacific Ocean an American Lake," in which, as he looked to the appearance of Commodore Perry in the Japanese harbor, he declared that events were taking a shape which would give America a paramount influence in the Pacific Ocean in all the future. The thunder of Dewey's guns before Manila, and the unexampled influence of President Roosevelt in bringing Russia and Japan to end their bloody strife, have so enhanced American prestige

in all the Orient that we must take up whatever burden falls to us to carry in righteousness. It looks as if we were destined to be the St. Christopher, "Christ-Bearer," around the shores of the Western sea. There is labor, and there is reward. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler said at the Educational Congress of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, "The great problem with which world-history will have to deal in the next half-century concerns the assimilation of Eastern Asia to the other world-half," and added, "Our nation was shaped for the work of evangelization." To be known as the world's peacemaker—what an honor! to take the Hand of the Master and go around the world quieting distrust, promoting peace, and becoming expert in bringing in the Kingdom! Yet events were moving that way even in our own strife half a hundred years ago.

During the Civil War Colonel Vincent

Marmaduke was a bearer of dispatches from Jefferson Davis to Mr. Mason, who represented the Confederacy in England. While in London he was advised, one evening, to hear John Bright, who was to speak in the House of Commons. He afterward said to a friend, who now tells the story, that Mr. Bright, in the course of his speech, which related to European affairs, stopped for a moment and then remarked, before resuming his argument: "Mr. Speaker, if our kinsfolk on the other side of the Atlantic settle their Civil War satisfactorily, and get back together in peace, in forty years there will not be a gun fired in the world without their consent." Colonel Marmaduke has since admitted that Mr. Bright's picture of the possible future of this nation gave him some uneasiness of mind, because he was striving to promote permanent disunion. "I am glad," he said, years after the close of the war, "that the

Almighty has preserved us for purposes of His own, which will some day be unveiled before the world."

The sum of it all is in the words of the Master:

"Ye shall be witnesses unto Me, . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth."

IV

Brotherhood

The preceding phase of the main subject had to do with the flow of time and the rise of new peoples. The present one treats of humanity. In his idea of manhood the missionary is typical of the new day. Rather, he has always pointed to the present hour, and has been steadily leading up to it. He has consistently held the advance of the movement toward a truer recognition of the world-wide fraternity among men.

The missionary knew what he was sent to accomplish, and so he began with the only hopeful way of regenerating society, and laid the foundation anew, in marriage and in the family. The heathen world had

allowed domestic life to fall into decay. Marriage centered in the State, with its end to produce citizens. Christianity made marriage free. Contempt of marriage in favor of celibacy did not attach itself to the progress of the Church until long afterwards in an untimely environment. Of the true Christian home, Clement of Alexandria finely said, "The children glory in their mother, the husband in his wife, and she in them, and all in God." This was higher than heathenism. In the eye of the early missionary the little children had for the first time great recognition and justice and love. The law of the Twelve Tables of Rome gave the father the right to abandon or to kill them. Christianity made abandonment murder, for children were a gift from God for which the parents were responsible to Him.

Not less did the proclamation of the missionary concern the slave. He went up and

down the shores of the great inland sea, crying out of court heathen caste with the words: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." The accident of mastery or slavery did not appear of note. The only real slavery was the bondage of sin. So Christianity did not immediately attempt changes in civil society. Yet it was not long ere the good seed sprang up, and men began to manumit their slaves. Things were not left as the first herald found them. Master and slave were members of the same Church. They adored one God, and mingled their songs and prayers together. A slave might be an elder in the same Church of which his master was only a member. When the spirit of freedom began to fill the nostrils of men through the work of the Church, it was common for masters to bring their slaves to the altar,

and before the congregation declare them free, thus casting over the transaction the sanction of the Church. In this undisguised love for men as such, Paul espoused the cause of Onesimus the slave, and wrote to Philemon his master, "Thou shouldest receive him, not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved." Then, too, and as a fitting accompaniment to the new theory and practice, labor got to itself a high estimate. It was now no disgrace, but an honor. The Lord was a carpenter, Peter a fisherman, Paul a tentmaker. While the sages like Plato deemed manual labor unworthy a freeman, Paul exhorted that a man should "labor, that he may have to give to him that needeth." Thus the true end of labor was pointed out, and the high ideal of toil for the salvation of the other man was published to the world. Things were starting on the upgrade. Selfishness and stoic egoism were ready for

banishment. How unlike are the two views,—that of Plautus, saying, "A man is a wolf to a man whom he does not know;" and the golden counsel of the Master, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another!"

The doctrine and practice of the early missionaries have won out in the march of the ages, and nineteen centuries after the apostle spoke his good word for Onesimus, I see a man on the bank of the Nile writing to his sister in Scotland, "I have just seen one of my black sisters toiling up the steep path, carrying a heavy burden;" and he goes by the name of General Gordon, belonging to the proud English race. And in the same spirit the young aristocrat of Eton, Coleridge Patteson, refused to call the heathen of the South Seas "savages." They were all "men" to him. Ziegenbald's first converts in India were slaves. Once in Cape Colony the words over the church-

doors were, "Dogs and Hottentots not admitted." But not for long. The French governor of Madagascar told the first missionary he could never make the blacks Christians, for they were brutes. The missionary waited a bit, and then published his answer. Hundreds of churches and thousands of lay preachers, with their devout followers, have long since removed the inhospitable sign and stilled the inhuman word.

In his purpose to preach the Gospel to the poor, the missionary is in line with the German philosopher, Wundt: "Religion, moreover, is always the point where the man who is debarred from all higher interests of intellectual culture can meet his fellow-men." Sometimes good men err in this matter, as when Dr. Durbin, in 1859, said that his plan would be to marry into the family of a rajah, and then, by means of the inherited control of the destinies of a

few millions, he would speedily accomplish the work of righteousness. The nodding of this Homer, however, did not prevent him from outrunning this sorry dream with his masterful stewardship of the policy of our Church. Let us not miss the mark. Let us not follow the leaders of caste in the Orient in their scorn of the "lower classes." The mandarin Pung Kwang Yen, at the Chicago Parliament of Religions, advised missionaries to appeal to the upper classes by offering them advanced learning and technical information. Our foundation is not culture first, and then righteousness; and if China is to trail after the great Teacher she must have not foremost the title "Bachelor of Arts," but "Born Again." One B. A. is divinely fundamental, the other is humanly inevitable. When the economic reformer cries out, "I am for men," it is high time for the Church to pray again for a true vision of true duty.

Bishop Thoburn tells of the conversion of a man in India who came from the lowest caste, if he was not indeed an outcast. His surrender placed him and his family upon an inclined plane upward going, and now the son occupies a high social and official position as the confidential secretary of the governor of the Northwest Province of India. Schools? Yes, evermore yes; but not unbaptized with the Spirit of Christ.

No one can read the story of the black bishop of the Niger, Samuel Adjai Crowther, without having forever a better baseline for computing the possibilities of manhood when stirred by the grace of God. He was born in 1812 in the West Coast region of Africa, was enslaved at nine years, and sold for a horse; bartered again, he suffered intolerable cruelties; a third time he was sold, for tobacco and rum; sold again to the Portuguese, he was finally re-

deemed from slavery and rescued by a British man-of-war. His conversion, his training in London, his consecration as bishop of the Niger territory in 1864, are significant milestones in the life of a man of simple piety, of great intelligence, and of monumental zeal.

The missionary has, all down the ages, held before the eyes of men the vision of a commonwealth of humanity. The prevailing conception of this commonwealth is that of a common faith, of God as Father, and Jesus Christ as Brother. In a thousand things unlike, in this alike. In a thousand features of a progressive civilization differing, in this held together by a common bond. And in all the implications of the idea of brotherhood the missionary is a notable contributor to progress, where many least look for proofs of his influence. He reaches down into the problems of labor with mighty ability to secure settlement of

difficulties, and to gain for labor a high place of honor in human progress.

No other type of leader in the ages has so consistently realized the peculiar value of the ideal he has held aloft in its relation to man as a toiler, as a conqueror of the natural world, as one destined to find in commerce, in the exchange of goods, whether across the banks of the Po or the shores of the Pacific, an expression of his larger life. For the life of trade is peace, and the economic argument against war is only the reverse side of the appeal of the missionary to men to love one another. Speaking broadly, the civilization of all ancient times, as Mackenzie has emphasized, was bottomed, not on the subjection of nature by man, but on the subjection of some races by others. Naturally, with such dominion there followed cruelty, luxury, sloth, oblivion. On the contrary, a civilization which rests upon the undisturbed ac-

tivities of man in his conquest of nature has an endless task and an exhaustless field before it; and once given peace, fraternity, and love, labor gets its highest honor. When man puts self foremost in his effort to subdue the material world, he gains the triumph of an hour, and dies sighing for other worlds; but with Christ the inspirer of labor, its very soul, giving it reverence, a lifetime will not be enough to exhaust the victory of toil, and one world will be more than man can subdue.

When the good day comes for which the herald of the cross runs to the ends of the earth, the Carpenter's Son will be seen building in unembarrassed and free power with both hands, not, as some of old, with a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other, but commanding all His omnipotent resources for the redemption of all the needs of the world, and giving to the task both hands with the same abandon of love

with which He stretched them out upon the cross of Calvary.

It can not fail to attract the attention of the thoughtful that, as man has gained recognition in the capacity of the toiler, he has reached up and secured a place in the realm of government. Democracy is in the air. The worth of the representative republicanism of America is far-famed. Mr. Bryce has said that the American type is that to which all others are inevitably tending. Cavour declared that "Society is marching with long strides toward democracy. . . . Is it a good? Is it an evil? I know little enough, but it is, in my opinion, the inevitable future of humanity." If the form of government which is of, by, and for the people is to be imperishable, it will become so only as the world rises to the high valuation set by Paul, by Aidan, by Xavier, by Eliot, by John Hunt, by Alexander Mackaye, by Henry Martyn, by

James Thoburn, by Hudson Taylor upon the common man of the world.

The larger field of the exercise of the spirit of brotherhood affords a dazzling view of what is to be the ultimate result of the missionary experiment. If the dream of peace on earth is to be realized, it will be by pushing to its limit the ideals of the missionary, who lifts into noble prominence, and with unfailing sanity of vision and unconquerable zeal, moral and spiritual causes of progress. He holds that the explanation of the willingness of men to be ruled by majorities, in the spread of democratic ideas, is not to be discovered in physical force, as so often claimed on the ground that three men are stronger than two men, but in moral causes. In human progress it is becoming evident, as Canon Freemantle has pithily said, "We must, I repeat, learn to lean on the unselfish much more than on the selfish impulses of man-

kind." Apply this principle to the tangled schemes of diplomacy among men to-day and in the future. It may be that there is no well-defined system of diplomatic procedure, or such a thing as a concert of nations near at hand, to justify the optimist in his hopes, but that we are on the trail of the peacemaking itinerants of the ages is evident from the statements of such great writers on international questions as Bluntschli, who declares that the arbitration of international difficulties is more difficult because men do not know how to establish necessary courts than because they are unwilling or have not the power to do so. In any event, knowledge and will and power can not fail to come to their proper kingdom when the popular mind and heart are filled with the same vision of fraternity as gave to the Master the unspeakable charm with which He has woven a glorious spell over an increasing host of souls in the pass-

ing of the ages. His "Kingdom" is to come. The character of "The Kingdom" explains, demands, and secures its supremacy. It is aggressive, missionary, and not stationary. "The righteousness of which both the Old and the New Testament speak, is one which goes beyond its possessor; not a righteousness which is even with a law, but a righteousness like that of Christ, loving, merciful, beneficent, self-sacrificing, and universal in its application. It can never rest content until it has assimilated to itself all the spheres of life with which it has to do. This alone has the promise of the Gospel attached to it. But he who dwells upon the universal love of the Eternal Father, and believes that the self-sacrifice of Christ had the salvation of the world for its object, will not find it hard to believe in the full extension of that which St. Paul called 'the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things to

himself.'" With such a vision Freemantle inflames our hearts.

The faith the missionary proclaims is mighty, not because it is a fixed and unchanging expression of God's love for men which he is called upon to defend against all comers, but a spiritual power, windlike, its origin and its goal often undiscoverable, but its energy felt beyond all doubt. To change the figure, it is leaven with exhaustless energy and sure of spreading to the limit of the mass of which it is any part whatever, always its own best evidence, affecting for good all hearts and all institutions and all governments, and by its very inmost principle of life tending to universal triumph.

And thus have the ends of the earth come together; for though our file-leader of progress goes out alone, he returns with such tributes to his might as no other messenger ever garnered. Men are brothers,

the world over. Some quote the first two lines of what follows, from Kipling, to prove the irreconcilable difference between the mind and character of the East and the West; but they should finish the stanza:

"O, the East is East, and the West is West;
And never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently
Before God's judgment-seat.
But there is neither East nor West,
Nor border, nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth."

The final word is that of the great Apostle to the Gentiles:

"We warn every one, and instruct every one, with all the wisdom we possess, in the hope of bringing every one into God's presence perfected by union with Christ."

V

Philosophy

The missionary has found the key, the "master-key," to history. He has no such mixture of views as Fourier, who had for his key "the theory of universal harmony," and yet, in his deranged imagination, believed the ocean should be lemonade, and that there should be thirty-seven million poets, philosophers, and writers like Homer, Newton, and Molière. He is not inconsistent like Michelet, who, looking for "ideas under events," put the Stoic above the Christian, and made Christianity merely a stage in the revelation of reason—a verse in a universal Bible. Nor does he, like Hegel, regard history as following the course of the sun, going from East to

West. Nor, like Herder, does he count history to be the manifestation of the powers of nature in moral progress. Nor is he like Comte, who finds the law of history in the evolution of the intellect. Nor does he, like Rénan, regard religion to be a sort of superior kind of poetry. The true missionary is thoroughly practical. In the exercise of his divine calling he counts all good as the inspiration of his Lord and a part of the Kingdom he toils to usher in among men; and he holds tenaciously to the notion that the uplift he seeks is one which includes all the various powers and activities of men, played upon by every good agency furnished by God, Jesus Christ being the Chief Corner-stone of the whole glorious structure; and thus, even more than the heavens and the earth, he believes that history declares the glory of God.

The missionary is not a captive running a gauntlet, depending upon his fleet foot to

win his freedom. He is an epitome of Christianity on a march. He is an ever-present challenge, not an obnoxious apology, in the face of all faiths and creeds. His victory is one of high practical advantage to the race. He is more concerned about life than dogma. As the rationalist, Lecky, has declared, he is the builder of "the only example of a religion which is not naturally weakened by civilization," and, we may add, the only example of a religion having supreme power both to adapt itself to alien peoples and to work out their purification, unweakened by passage of time, never so vigorous as now, and soon, by the hand of God, to achieve after a fashion never dreamed of in past days the supremacy of *The Kingdom* over all kingdoms.

The glory of his theory is that *it works.* What he has done in the two millenniums just closing is ample praise of the genius of

the missionary for bringing things to pass. All needed backing of approval that one could wish is his. No one has had more glorious success in applying a theory to practice. If his program holds out to the end of his days, he will need to show himself approved to the most advanced thought of progress. For the ages discover some things in their march, and either sanction for further usage unworn theories, create new explanations of old deeds, or lay down new programs for future action. But human philosophy is still saying to the plans, the prospects, and the progress of the missionary, "Amen!" It is worth noting that the new philosophic tendency, the latest school of thought, getting to itself a fresh setting and emphasis on American soil, is set forth in the opposition on the part of Professor William James and others to the overemphasis of intellectualism, the rationalism of traditional philosophy. Man

is active, creative, and thought and intellect are auxiliary functions in the process of realizing his destiny. The ultimate principle of mind is not therefore intellect, but will. Intellectual interests are secondary to practical interests, and derive their value and content therefrom. Man is not solving his problems in a vacuum, but "the degree of his intelligence and the terms of his intelligence are determined by the practical needs of life." So the philosopher reaches the conclusion that any theory is true that works, that supports the interests of life involved in it. This makes belief a possible program of action, and faith becomes the living, active attitude of realizing an ideal. Action, then, is man's true destiny. Only thus can he fill his life with meaning. Only thus can he justify his claim that life is worth living, namely, by making it worth while to live. So we have come to believe that the practical grounds the theoretical,

and not the reverse. "Be ye doers of the work," is a genuine forecast of the latest expression of truth on the banks of the Charles. "The world will be richer in spiritual realities in coming years as the creative activities of those who believe in spiritual realities bring it into being and give it supremacy."

Thus is the word of the Master justified: "Jesus answered them, and said, My doctrine is not Mine, but His that sent Me. If any man will do [wills to do] His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

If this is not a description of the character and work of the missionary, it will be hard to invent a truer one. His conquering faith is his program of action. He is evermore interpreting the world to itself, as he goes about revealing God in His grace to man. He lifts into high prominence the prevailing tendency to look upon the defense of Christianity, not as a matter ex-

ternal to, but part of, religion. The shifting of belief from the merely intellectual to the moral portion of human nature is a sign of the times that demands attention. Each dogma may embody and express truth, but only in part; and, after all, it needs the vivifying power of that truth to give it worth.

Herein is the unity of history. We live in a moral universe. Prophets and apostles saw a divine unity in the moral unfolding of the ages. Where fruitless theorists feared disintegration, they discovered a glorious synthesis. Where others found cheap content with fragmentariness, they encouraged a noble curiosity and search for the secret of the ages. They fastened themselves to the center of things, and beheld with calm faces the living reality, abiding and undisturbed. They were spiritual in an age of orthodox ritualists; patriots in an age of orthodox traitors; heavenly-

minded in an age of orthodox worldlings; idealists in an age of orthodox materialists; faithful and positive in an age of orthodox skeptics; and brave in an age of orthodox cowards. Their visions helped to make history after the fashion of God's thinking and will. The spirit of the prophet is that of the missionary.

We dare not get away from this view of the world-movement. The missionary is in line with the thought of a universal Gospel. He links hands with the Master in His closing words in St. Matthew's Gospel, he grasps the hand of St. Paul in Athens; he echoes St. Peter's hope of the new world in which dwelleth "righteousness;" he anoints his eyes with the apocalyptic splendors of Revelation: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ."

The recognition of God and the moral order inevitably tends to universality. Po-

litical development tends to unity and organization of moral relations. The human race is being drawn together. Ideas are in the mart for rapid exchange. Fellowships and moral sentiments are not to be made supports for selfish materialism. So the philosophy of history is a sort of clearing-house of all human facts, and the purpose of history is ever charming foremost minds. The philosopher may have discovered the stream of tendency, yet have hesitated to define the goal. The missionary balks not at this, for he sees the end of all things in their holy consummation in Jesus Christ. Kant dreamed of a sound political constitution; Herder pointed the path to mental liberty and individual freedom; Guizot looked to the complete sociality of the process of civilization; yet, in all, the vague note and the dim vision sound in the rhythm and grow dull in the color of the dream. St. Paul and David Livingstone

are so sure of the divine goal that they calmly die and pass on to others their commission, the one on the banks of the Tiber, the other in the marshes of pagan Africa.

And when the modern doctrine of evolution, with whatever modifications may mark its further statements, sets before us its view of unity, its tracing of a single principle of life working through all known forms of life, "so that the barriers fall away which seemed to separate organic from inorganic matter, or species from species, or animal from man, or, to carry the thought to its fullest result, ordinary men from Christ," it will appear that this is not other than to affirm the doctrine of the Spirit and the Word working upwards from the beginning to the end, evermore keeping in eye the consummate form, and the loftiest power, and the holiest ideal of human development.

These all unite in Jesus Christ, and the Word fits once more:

"Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name."

VI

Enthusiasm

In one other light the man of whom I write has always been supreme: in his enthusiasm. From the days when the Jewish synagogue and the Roman Senate failed to confine within its original limits the new Faith, down to the days in which the East India Company sent a solemn memorial to Parliament declaring that "the sending of Christian missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most extravagant, most expensive, and most unwarrantable project that was ever proposed by a lunatic fanatic," this man put up against the stoic spirit that dominated the Eternal City that contagious sympathy with human suffering, and against the infernal selfishness of the

great commercial monopoly that sublime devotion to the will of God, before which adamant melts like wax. To-day the Company is a bad memory, while hundreds of churches dot the banks of the Ganges. What will you call that which led Carey to work seven years to get one disciple; or the Moravians in the mountains of Tibet to wait from 1856 to 1879 for their first baptized convert; or that kept the Church Missionary Society in Foochow for eleven years, like the needle to the pole, without a single addition? This spirit is supreme after two millenniums of trial. It shows no sign of degeneracy. The stamp of the Divine is upon it. It comes to the home Church at this time with power for inspiration just as men are saying that enthusiasm is dying out.

This is the tercentenary of the publication of the immortal "Don Quixote," and well do Spaniards celebrate the fame of

Cervantes. Heine said, "It was the greatest satire against human enthusiasm ever penned." Is he right? He can not be. "No one, not even a Cervantes, can make a satire against human enthusiasm. On that vast target every arrow must lose itself." Cervantes shattered the dream of Chivalry that he might give substance to the hopes of true zeal, of real daring, and of enduring self-devotion. He substituted the modern for the mediæval world, the world of realities for that of shams, and for the knight who took a tilt at windmills he ushered in "the valiant man and true." This divine fire will respond to all calls. It makes good against all despair. It sees in brown skins men for whom Christ gave Himself to the Jerusalem mob. It pulls out the Cambridge cricket champions, the famous Studd brothers, from their round of excitements in England, and extemporizes a mission in Central China. When

one man falls, it offers a score. James Hannington is murdered in Africa. A memorial service is held at Oxford with two thousand men present to grit their teeth and vainly grieve. A speaker in closing asked, "Who will take Jim Hannington's place?" Two hundred men rose to their feet. It will not fail to make its appeal to the home Church if pulpit and pew only get to know of the endless jubilee in missionary biography. It is the most transferable of all earth's riches. It gains by going. The "Haystack Monument" at Williams College, while it celebrates a noble passion for souls in the hearts of Mills, Richards, Rice, and Hall, will yet crumble before the enthusiasm their self-surrender generated ceases to exert its wholesome energies for the good of men. A flaming life is a perpetual stimulus. David Brainerd led his class at Yale, gave himself to the Indians, and burned to the socket, but not

till he set in motion an ideal passion for men under which Levi Parsons, first Protestant missionary to Jerusalem, and Carey, Chalmers, and Martyn leaped at the call of God. Adoniram Judson, first-honor man of his class at Brown University, was keyed up to his mission work by a holy determination under whose spur he defied twenty-one months of prison life in the East, part of the time in the cage in which a lion had died. This expansive philanthropy corrals whole families for service. Dr. H. L. Gulick went to the Micronesian Islands, and thirty-five years were not sufficient to wilt his dauntless spirit. His next younger brother went to Spain, and a still younger brother left for Japan. So they are to go on till the King is universally heralded. To no class of workers for the uplift of humanity is the declaration of Emerson so fitting as to the missionaries of the cross: "Every great and command-

ing movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm."

We have spoken much of men engaged in the cause of spreading the truth. But, of late, they have been greatly re-enforced by women, and a shining procession of world-saviors goes by. There is Mrs. Hannah Marshman, first woman missionary to India; Lydia Mary Fay, the first single woman sent to China; Miss Clara Swain, the inaugurator of the first medical work among women in Asia; Fidelia Fiske, in Persia; Ann Wilkins, in Liberia; Mrs. Hannah Mullens, who founded the zenana missions in India; and Miss Isabella Thoburn, whose work on the banks of the Ganges is alive for evermove.

The enthusiasm of the missionary is boundless. It reckons all is lost unless Christ is enthroned. It confronts obstacles as if they were a plain path; it glories in matching its power, against opposition

of the most gigantic character; it glows in the heart that beats high with hope even when the storm is at its utmost. It blazes up from the passion of death-beds. John Hunt lay dying. The attendant friends noted how he kept on silently weeping. His emotions increased, and he sobbed as if in acute distress. No longer able to withhold himself, he cried out: "Lord, bless Fiji! save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!" His own prospect was unclouded. His treasures, wife and children, were in the upper kingdom. Mr. Calvert said to him, "The Lord knows you love Fiji. We know it." For awhile he grew quiet, but the burden was heavy. Finally lifting his hand, mighty in its trembling, he cried with passionate force: "O, let me pray once more for Fiji. Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji, save Fiji!" Then he grew quiet, and reached his end in unbroken

peace. Such glowing love can have no failure. It shares the omnipotence of God, inspired as it is from contact with His own heart. It looks at the world-problem from the same point of view the Master had on the cross. It sees, hears, feels, toils with the eyes, ears, heart, and hands of the Christ. It does not mark its sacrifices. Hear David Livingstone addressing the young men of Cambridge University: "I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which He made who left His Father's throne on high to give Himself for us; 'who being the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.'"

The missionary joins the host of heroes in all ages who have made free contribu-

tions of trial, of toil, of love, of life itself, for us and our children, who bear lighter burdens now because they bore heavier ones then. He gets into noble company, and with fullest right of comradeship. He holds rank with Milton, who was upheld in his dishonored old age, blind, poor, and at the mercy of an indecent Stuart rule, yet in himself able to cheer coming ages with the vision of a man reliant, tender, brave, "amidst the ruin of all he loved and the obscene triumph of all he despised." With Dante, he walks forth outlawed and into exile, yet singing a song of liberty and for ultimate peace. He is as serene as the noble philosopher of the French Revolution, Condorcet, a victim of its fury, who, pursued to his death, surrounded by all the chaos and bloodshed of its bitterest days, spent his last hours in sketching the vision of a happy future, in which all nations should rise to a common level, all separate peoples

should progress towards equality, and the lot of man should achieve practical amelioration. It has not been many years since Bishop Hannington, shut in by hostile savages in the heart of Africa, and awaiting inhuman death at their hands, composed himself to write as usual in his diary and to quote from Bickersteth the melodious lines:

"Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

One of the graduates of Cambridge University, in 1878, was Keith Falconer, third son of the Earl of Kintore, taking principal honors in Hebrew and Arabic, a foremost athlete, and an earnest Christian. He went as a missionary to Aden that he might reach the Mohammedans of Southern Arabia, and there, in 1886, this high-born hero died on a bed of fever, as truly a martyr as the Oxford oarsman, Hannington, from the stroke of the savage. Surely

the missionary is not lacking in power to walk with the choicest of souls and to claim fellowship with leaders of thought and of action. After all is said,

> "The greatest gift a hero leaves his race
> Is to have been a hero. So we fail?
> We feed the high tradition of the world."

Dr. R. S. Storrs well expressed the glory of the conquering faith of this man without whom history would possess another meaning: "He expects long toil, dreary wildernesses, battles with giants, and spasms of fear in the heart of the Church. But he looks, as surely as he looks for the sunrise after nights of tempest and of lingering dawn, for the ultimate illumination of the world by Faith. And however full of din and dissonance the history of mankind has seemed hitherto, seems even today, he anticipates already the harmonies to be in it as, under the guidance of Him of Galilee, it draws toward its predestined

close, not sentimental or idyllic, but epic and heroic." May the whole Church be aroused by the contagion of this man's wisdom, his faith, his heroism, to speed the work of the world's redemption, until onlookers shall not be skeptical when we cry out, with Zinzendorf, "I have but one passion, and it is He—He only!"

Thus will it be to the end of the mighty task, and when the glorious triumph is finally won:

"For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things; to whom be glory forever. Amen."

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